

FRENCH DEFEAT HUNS IN FRANTIC HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

**MASK INSPECTION AT THE FRONT: THE POILUS READY TO FACE THE HUNS' POISON CLOUDS.**



The Huns' "frightfulness" has necessitated a new parade, as before the men go into the trenches they have to line up for mask inspection. The least defect might mean

the difference between life and death, though the measures taken to counteract the fumes have proved most effective.—(French War Office photograph.)

**FIVE HOURS BURIED.**



Corporal A. G. Dillingham, of Hampstead, awarded the D.C.M. for saving a supply section, consisting of seven horse transports, under heavy fire. He was buried after the bursting of a shell, and it was five hours before he could be dug out from under the debris.

**THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HEIR TO WED TO-DAY.**



Miss Kathleen Tennant and the Marquis of Granby, whose wedding to-day promises to be a very pretty ceremony. It will be the fourth marriage in the Prime Minister's family within a year, three of the brides being nieces and one his daughter.



**PRINCE SAVES SHIP.**



Prince Wilhelm, the second son of the King of Sweden, who was in charge of the torpedo-boat which saved the British steamer Lambert. A Hun war vessel was following the Lambert when Prince Wilhelm ordered it to retire, a command which was reluctantly obeyed.



## GREAT WAR PLEDGE BY LABOUR.

Majority Vote of 900,000 to Work for Victory.

### 600 DELEGATES CONFER.

The great Labour Party Conference, which claims to speak for 2,205,000 members, was opened yesterday at Bristol.

The 600 delegates met in the great Victoria Rooms at Clifton. Mr. W. Anderson, who in London moved the resolution to fight Compulsion, was elected to the chair.

Mr. Henderson was on his right and Mr. Hodge (acting chairman of the Labour Party) on his left.

The presence of discordant forces was disclosed in the first five minutes. Councillor Ayles, who welcomed the Conference to Bristol, said that in Bristol they were too busy with other things to engage in recruiting. He was interrupted.

Mr. Hodge rose and asked if this sort of thing had anything to do with the welcome the councillor was pressing. There were cries and counter-cries, and someone at the back shouted "Let's start right, whatever we do afterwards." Mr. Widdicombe, who seconded, was funny in a reference to Mr. Lloyd George. He complained of "etymological" inexactitudes.

#### "SIGNS OF REACTION."

Mr. Anderson said war now was brutalised. Science was prostituted to the mangling of humanity. He spoke of "diplomatic games played in secret leading peoples to the precipice of war."

Then the chairman won a burst of applause by saying that militarism and democracy could not live together, in Germany or anywhere else. There were signs of a great reaction in his own country. Mr. Lloyd George, who would apparently like to see the rules of the Army applied to the workshop, made a not very successful attempt to apply them by means of the Munitions Act.

The Labour situation had been badly handled. The Military Service Bill did not redeem the pledge of the Prime Minister. They could not have forced military service without the risk of forced industrial service. (Applause.)

## WANTS BRITAIN TO WIN.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald Detests Every Characteristic of Prussianism.

Mr. James Sexton, on behalf of the National Union of Dock Labourers, moved a resolution expressing the horror of the horrors at the atrocities committed by Germany, and pledging the Conference to assist the Government as far as possible in the successful prosecution of the war.

He confessed that he was opposed to militarism, but he was out to win the war at all events. If Germany won, nothing else on God's earth mattered.

Mr. George Milligan (Liverpool) seconded.

#### M.P. CRITICISED.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was received with applause, remarked that Mr. Sexton had said he did not want the Germans to win. He (Mr. MacDonald) asked, "Honestly and fairly, who does?" From one point of view they were the most bitterly anti-German of any section. "We detest," said Mr. MacDonald, "from the bottom of our hearts every characteristic of Prussianism, and we want to stop the beginning of it here."

Mr. G. J. Wardle (National Union of Railwaysmen) said they had had an extraordinarily able and conciliatory speech from Mr. MacDonald, but where did it lead?

There was no way of meeting force except by force. It was all very well for Mr. MacDonald to make conciliatory speeches, but none of them scarcely passed a week without suffering from attack by innuendo and misrepresentation of some kind or kind.

He was asking the conference to say who had the right to speak on behalf of the labour movement. Was it a small coterie of the Independent Labour Party or the great trades unions?

#### ALLIES ARE WATCHING US.

After several speeches for and against the resolution, Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., rose and was received with cheers and loud booing. He said the conditions demanded a clear statement as to the attitude of the conference to the war. He appealed to them not to quibble over a word here and there, but to pass the resolution. Their Allies were watching them.

The decision of the special conference in London was misunderstood, and if the present congress stamped upon this resolution there would be consternation among their friends in France and Allied countries.

Wholehearted support of the resolution would be an encouragement to the boys in the trenches, to those on their training, to those in hospital and to those in alliance with them.

On a card vote being taken on Mr. Sexton's resolution the following figures were announced:—

For the resolution, 1,502,000; against, 602,000. The resolution was therefore carried by a majority of 900,000, and much applause followed the announcement.

Read "A Nation That Loves Children: Italy, the Paradise for Boys and Girls," by Herbert Sivan, on page 5.

## NO GERMAN HERE!

Comedian Pastes "Rule, Britannia" Over Hun Words at Charing Cross.

### POLICEMAN'S PROTEST.

There was an amusing scene at Charing Cross Station of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway yesterday.

The company, having to deal in peace times with a large number of foreign passengers, including Germans, have a number of instructions printed in German.

To protest against the German lettering being left uncovered, Mr. Ernie Lotinga, a comedian, yesterday appeared at the station dressed as a bill-poster, with overalls, ladder, pastepot and "bills."

Without attracting any notice he entered the station, put up his ladder and began to paste vigorously over the offending inscription.

Just as he was finishing a railway policeman came up and protested and caught hold of Mr. Lotinga's leg.

A hot argument ensued between the comedian and the policeman, while a crowd assembled.

Still struggling with the policeman, Mr. Lotinga managed to plaster up his poster, and when the crowd saw that it bore the inscription "Rule, Britannia," the sympathies of the crowd were at once with the comedian.

The policeman then desisted and Mr. Lotinga was able to put up the patriotic placard in proper order.

## ENEMY BARBER IN DOCK

Story of Assistant Who Was Dismissed After Wearing an Armlet.

Stanislans Olszewski, aged fifty-six, a German subject, who carries on business as a women's hairdresser at 45, Cranborne-street, Leicester-square, was charged at Bow-street yesterday under the Defence of the Realm Act with making and circulating statements likely to prejudice the recruiting for his Majesty's Forces.

Inspector Jacobs said the prisoner was a registered German. Witness read the following letter to him:—

"Sir,—Owing to the depletion of our staff through the war we are not in a position to allow the bearer of this letter, Mr. William E. Pickance, to join his Majesty's Forces, as he is indispensable to our business and should be excused.—S. Olszewski and Co."

Witness said the prisoner admitted having sent the letter to the recruiting officer; and he was then told that he would be charged. Olszewski employed from six to eight assistants, among them being two Englishmen, a Hungarian, his brother, a German and another alien enemy.

The Englishmen, added witness, had each been served with a letter similar to the one read. The man who lodged the complaint had been summarily dismissed with a week's wages because he went to the shop wearing an armlet.

Inspector Jacobs added that he did not think Olszewski's staff had been depleted since the war began.

In reply to Mr. Olley, defending, the witness said he understood that the prisoner had been in this country thirty-four years and was married to an Englishwoman. Employers had the right to fill in a form saying their employees were indispensable.

The Magistrate: Their rights do not begin until the attestation is made.

On this evidence a remand was ordered. Inspector Jacobs said the military authorities had instructed him to oppose bail and to ask that the prisoner, for the time being, should not be allowed to see his friends. No bail was allowed.

## WILL NOT TRADE WITH HUNS AGAIN

The Scottish woollen and hosiery manufacturers, who did an enormous German trade, have unanimously decided never to resume their German business connections.

They have also had a million sterling of debts due to them in Berlin.

The makers call for an imperial federation to devise new and secure trading conditions and press for a prohibitive tariff on all German and Austrian goods.

## LOVES ARMY LIFE.

Charming Incidents Related of Happy Boy Heir to the Tsar.

### HIS WAY WITH NEW BOOTS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 26.—The charming relations existing between the Tsar of Russia and his young son are described by a French journalist who recently paid a visit to the Russian General Headquarters.

The youthful heir to all the Russias sits at table by his father's side and smiles and laughs good-naturedly with the officers and aides-de-camp whom he knows.

Before strangers he is more timid, and hides his head behind his father. His uncle, brother of the Emperor, spoils the boy inordinately. The Emperor is passionately attached to the Tsarevitch, who sleeps in the same room as his father when in the field.

Every evening the boy writes his impressions to his mother, who is nursing the wounded soldiers in one of the Imperial palaces at Tsarkoe-Selo.

The young Prince refuses to put his foot in the hospital where the Tsarina and the young Princesses go every day, "because there are too many women, and I'm a man."

He loves the life he leads as a soldier with his father at headquarters. Once he was presented with a pair of new patent leather top boots when he was about to accompany the Tsar to review a regiment.

The first thing he did was to go out into the road and cover them with mud, saying that he, the "Hetman of the Cossacks," could never appear before his brothers-in-arms polished and perfumed. And he is not yet twelve years of age!

## FEWER LONDON POSTS.

Further Curtailment of Deliveries Now Being Considered.

Arrangements are being made, it was officially stated yesterday, for a further curtailment of the postal deliveries in London and throughout the country.

This step is being taken in consequence of the large number of postal servants who have enlisted and attested under the group system. The group men are beginning to be called up.

An official at the General Post Office stated yesterday that there had been a number of curtailments of the postal deliveries already.

"In some places," he said, "the deliveries have been reduced to a point beyond which it is impossible to go. There is, however, in other districts, still room for further curtailments."

"These will be made as occasion demands. The reduction in the number of deliveries in London will probably come into operation within the next month."

The question of suspending the Sunday postal delivery in the country is still under the consideration of the Postmaster-General.

## BANISH LUXURY BY TAXES.

Presiding at the half-yearly meeting of the Union of London and Smith's Bank at Cannon-street Hotel yesterday, Sir Felix Schuster said that if a breakdown in the exchanges was to be avoided it could only be by putting a check on the import of anything that was not absolutely essential.

Taxation seemed to be the only method of providing such a check, and on articles of luxury it should be prohibitive.

Economy must be exercised by all classes in the interests of the State and of the individual.

"I wish," he said, "a number of competent speakers could be enlisted to go out to the people all over the country and preach the gospel of thrift and economy."

"If we cannot do as much as our sailors and soldiers," he added, "we at home can nevertheless do our share."

Answering Mr. Needham in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Runcie stated that the methods by which unnecessary imports could best be excluded was now being considered.

A statement would be made on the subject as soon as possible.

## TRIFLES THAT ARE LEFT BEHIND.

Forgotten Property Ranges from a Will to an Omnibus.

### 32,000 LOST UMBRELLAS.

Is the war making people more careless?

A glance at those columns of the morning newspapers in which people who have lost property advertise for its return would appear to lead to that conclusion.

The number of things that a man or woman finds it possible to lose seems unlimited. They range from diamonds to dogs, from fur coats to family Bibles.

Here, for instance, is a list of lost articles extracted from a single newspaper during the first three days of this week:—

A will, leather handbag, necklace, diamond brooch, diamond, gold ring, leather dispatch-case, pearl drop earring, black silk bag, gold brooch.

#### LOST SHAKESPEARES.

Umbrellas are proverbially easy things to lose. It is as impossible for some people to keep an umbrella as it is for others to keep an appointment.

When the various railway companies hold their annual clearance sale of unclaimed property, the umbrellas always head the list. In 1912 no fewer than 32,250 umbrellas found their way to Scotland Yard.

Walking-sticks, books, watches, purses, opera-glasses, bags, spectacle-cases—these are among the articles that are "left behind" by the thousand in railway carriages, tramway-cars, omnibuses and taxicabs.

A motor omnibus, one would think, is less easy to lose. Yet three years ago a motor-omnibus was sold, with a lot of other unclaimed property, by the London and South-Western Railway. Some careless person had no doubt dropped it on the road!

In 1911 two hundred of "Shakespeare" were found, at various times, in trains on the Great Northern Railway. It is easy, it seems, to forget Shakespeare.

## PRINCE'S AMBULANCE.

Inspection at Palace of Belgian Field Hospital Presented by Children.

Prince George was the central figure in an interesting ceremony at Buckingham Palace yesterday, when he inspected a Red Cross motor-ambulance which has been presented to the Belgian Field Hospital by readers of "The Children's Story of the War."

The car, valued at £550, has been bought by the subscriptions of children in elementary and Sunday schools in all parts of the Empire, no fewer than 12,000 contributing.

Prince George was attended by Sir Derek Keppel. The proceedings were purely formal, and the Prince did not venture to make what would have been his first speech.

His Royal Highness showed keen interest in the fittings of the ambulance, which has been named the Prince George Ambulance.

#### SLINGSBY BABY APPEAL.

In the absence of Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Gover continued reading the evidence in the Slingsby baby case in the Court of Appeal.

He read the evidence of Mrs. Frank, the nurse who attended Dr. Fraser's office when it is alleged Lillian Anderson's child was born. Witness stated that she remembered two women coming to the surgery the day after the birth, one of whom she believed was Mrs. Dorothy Slingsby, and that the latter was handed Anderson's child.

Lillian Anderson said she did not know who had got her baby and did not make any inquiries about it.

Dr. Fraser's evidence was that Mrs. Slingsby went to his office and was given Anderson's child. He had only received £100 for his services in connection of the inquiry and Mrs. Slingsby only gave him £10.

The hearing was adjourned.

## BUILDING SOCIETY LOANS.

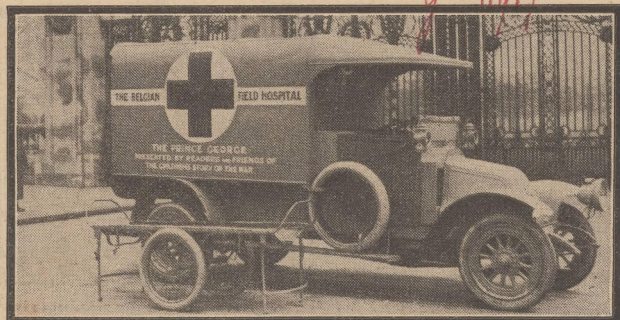
In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Ticker asked the President of the Local Government Board if he was aware that building societies were threatening to call up loans from their customers unless they agreed to pay half per cent. additional interest upon the same, and would he take steps by legislation or otherwise to prevent the securities of such customers being realised during the war.

Mr. Long: I have received a few representations to this effect, but I cannot undertake at present to propose legislation on the subject.

## CHELSEA AND NAVY LEAGUE.

Under the auspices of the Chelsea branch of the Navy League a patriotic demonstration will be held to-night in the Chelsea Town Hall, at eight o'clock.

The chair will be taken by Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., and among the speakers will be Mr. C. B. Stanton, the Labour member for Merthyr Tydfil, Mr. L. J. Maxse and the Rev. A. W. Gough, vicar of Brompton.



Prince George, who is thirteen, yesterday received this ambulance on behalf of the Belgian field hospital. It is seen outside the palace.



# BRITISH FIGHT 27 GERMAN AEROPLANES AND ATTACK 3 BALLOONS

## Two Aeroplanes and Two Balloons Forced Down.

### ENEMY AIR RAIDS.

Berlin Tells of Hand-to-Hand Fighting for Neuville.

## BOMBARDMENT OF KUT.

### COMBATS IN THE SKY.

War in the air was a feature of yesterday's operations at the front. Our airmen encountered twenty-seven German aeroplanes and attacked three captive balloons. Two aeroplanes and two balloons were forced to the ground.

### STRUGGLE FOR NEUVILLE.

With increasing severity the fight for Neuville St. Vaast, the little French village six miles south-west of Lens, is being continued.

North-east of Neuville the Germans exploded a number of mines and occupied the craters. The French have driven the foe from the last of the craters he held near the Neuville-Thelus road.

In the afternoon communiqué the French reported that by a surprise night attack they had driven the Germans from a mine crater, but Berlin declares that a great number of French counter-attacks failed.

The fighting has been of the fiercest description, hand-to-hand combats being frequent. The Germans admit that French mines in the Argonne wrecked some of their trenches north-east of La Chalade.

A Zeppelin dropped bombs in the Epernay district.

### KUT IN GUN DUEL.

From Turkish sources it is learned that beleaguered Kut has been engaged in an artillery duel.

The Turks claim that in Mesopotamia "the enemy suffered enormous losses near Felchie and has made no new attack." They state also that a surprise night attack on a camp west of Kurna had successful results.

## BRITISH AIR SUCCESSES IN THE WEST.

German Bombardment About Loos Yesterday and Previous Night.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch was received last night from General Headquarters in France:—

Jan. 26, 9.35 p.m.—Yesterday twenty-seven hostile aeroplanes were encountered and three captive balloons were attacked.

Two aeroplanes and two balloons were forced down. All our machines returned safely.

Last night there was a hostile bombardment about Loos and also some activity with grenades near Hulluch and Cuinchy.

To-day the shelling about Loos has continued and the enemy has shown active activity both in the Promelles and Wer-Maquart. Our artillery and trench mortars replied actively.

## SHOOTING OF DESERTERS.

Sir W. Byles, for Mr. Snowden, asked the Under Secretary for War, in the House of Commons yesterday, if he would state the number of British soldiers who have been shot for desertion or other military offences since the beginning of the war.

Mr. Tennant: No British soldier has been shot in the United Kingdom. It is not in the public interest to give statistics of the numbers who have suffered the death penalty in the forces overseas, but I would ask my hon. friend not to believe that the number has been considerably.

## ITALIANS' VALONA PLAN.

ROME, Jan. 26.—Reliable information from Durrazzo indicates that little fighting is going on, the Austrians being well aware that an advance on Valona has no strategic value.

The Italians are ready to fight for Valona in order to protect the Serbian Army in its retirement southwards.—Reuter.

## TAKE COVER DURING AIR RAIDS.

The following police warning was issued last night from Scotland Yard:—

The increase in the offensive protection against hostile aircraft recently provided in the Metropolitan district makes it more necessary for the public, on the occasion of air raids, to take cover, so as to be sheltered from falling fragments of shells.

On a previous occasion a warning regarding this was published, which the Commissioner of Police now deems it advisable emphatically to repeat.

## DESPERATE BATTLES FOR NEUVILLE ST. VAAST

Germans Fire More Mines—Hot Fighting at Close Quarters.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 26.—The official communiqué tonight says:—

In Belgium last night we effectively bombarded the enemy trenches and communication trenches in the district of Steenstraete, where movements of troops were noticed.

In Artois during the day the enemy exploded in the vicinity of La Folle Road, north-east of Neuville St. Vaast, a number of mines, the craters of which he occupied, but near the Neuville-Thelus road we drove the enemy from the last of the craters which he was holding.

The cannonade on both sides in the whole of this sector was extremely violent.

In the district of Roye our artillery and our trench guns wrecked, to the west of Laucourt, a work which the enemy was forced to evacuate. Our patrols succeeded in penetrating it and brought back material which had been abandoned by the Germans.

Last night a Zeppelin dropped some bombs on the villages in the district of Epernay, but the material damage was insignificant.

The dirigible was cannonaded by a section of our motor-guns at the moment when it was returning to its lines.

To the west of Pont-a-Mousson we shelled the enemy works at the Bois le Pretre with our heavy artillery, which secured very good results.—Reuter.

## SURPRISE NIGHT DASH.

PARIS, Jan. 26.—This afternoon's official communiqué states:—

In Artois there was sustained artillery activity in the sector of Neuville St. Vaast.

During the night we delivered an attack, which enabled us to drive the Germans from one of the mine craters caused by the explosions of the previous day.

Between the Somme and the Wavre, south of Châlons, our batteries bombarded the enemy cantonnements at Hattencourt, and destroyed an observation post near La Fosse. Our army aeroplanes attacked the railway establishments of Loos, to the south-west of Dixmude and of Bethune.—Wireless Press.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Jan. 26.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

The French attempted by means of a great number of counter-attacks to recapture the trenches which we took from them to the east of Neuville. They were repulsed on each occasion after hand-to-hand fighting.

French mining operations in the Argonne destroyed our trenches over a short distance near Hill 285, to the north-east of La Chalade. We occupied the crater they made after having frustrated an attack by the enemy.

Naval aeroplanes attacked the military establishments of the enemy near La Fosse. Our army aeroplanes attacked the railway establishments of Loos, to the south-west of Dixmude and of Bethune.—Wireless Press.

## SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN'S EAST AFRICAN REPORT.

Our Troops Occupy the German Camp of Ferengeti.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

East Africa.—General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, on January 24 our troops advanced from Mbuyuni, fifteen miles east of Taveta, and drove off a small force of the enemy which was holding Ferengeti Camp, four miles west of Mbuyuni, and occupied the camp.

## GAS-BAGS' DAZZLING FEAT ON RUSSIAN FRONT.

Fireworks Display by German Balloons Ablaze in Mid-Air.

### (RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 26.—To-day's Russian communiqué says:—

A Zeppelin flew from Jacobstadt in the direction of Riehitza and returned by way of Dyvinsk. On the Galician front on the Upper Strypa four enemy balloons were sent up over our lines in order to light up our positions.

Two of these balloons caught fire in the air and in falling produced a dazzling light. On

## A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH.

To-morrow's issue of "The Daily Mirror" will contain one of the most remarkable photographs of the war.

It illustrates the German lines in Champagne, immediately after an action. Order your copy to-day.

the Middle Strypa front the enemy violently bombarded our positions without result. On the Caucasian front we seized Turkish field kitchens and large stores.—Reuter.

## ITALIAN SET-BACK.

### (ITALIAN OFFICIAL.)

ROME, Jan. 26.—To-day's official communiqué says:—

North-west of Gorizia on Monday evening very large enemy forces, favoured by a thick fog, attacked our positions round Osavia.

In view of the superiority of the enemy forces some of our first line detachments, in order not to be overwhelmed, fell back a little way to the second line trenches.—Reuter.

### (AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

The Austrian official statement, as sent by the Wireless Press, says:—

At the Gorizia bridgehead our troops captured in the battles near Osavia 1,197 prisoners, including forty-five officers and two machine-guns.



British naval gun section. A photograph from the Persian Gulf.

## BRITISH ROUT ARAB FORCE IN EGYPT.

Air Scouts Find Enemy, Who Retreat After Two Hours' Fighting.

## FOE'S CAMP BURNT.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following official statement was issued last night:—

A further report has been received of the operations of General Wallace's force against the Senussi on January 23.

The force, which consisted of British, Dominion and Indian troops, moved forward on the morning of the 23rd in two columns. The enemy advanced from their camp to engage our force and made an attempt to surround it.

By 10 a.m. the action became general, and by noon the enemy were driven back to their camp and retired rapidly in a westerly direction. The camp was occupied and about eighty tents and some stores were burnt. The strength of the enemy was about 4,500, with three guns and three or four machine-guns, and their troops were well armed.

Our casualties were ten British and Dominion troops and eighteen Indians killed and 274 all ranks wounded.

The enemy casualties are estimated at 150 killed and 500 wounded.

CAIRO, Jan. 25.—British troops marched from Mersa Matru, on January 22, to engage the enemy, who had been located by aeroplane reconnaissance.

The enemy extended to the right and left in an endeavour to envelop the flanks of our columns.

The attack was repulsed after two hours' fighting.—Reuter.

## TURK TALE OF BIG LOSSES.

### (TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 26.—The following official communiqué was issued in Constantinople to-day:—

On the Mesopotamia front the enemy, after suffering enormous losses near Felchie, has undertaken no fresh attack.

At Kut-el-Amara there has been an intermittent artillery duel.

On the night of the 18th we made a successful surprise attack against the enemy's camp west of Kurna. A number of soldiers and a quantity of cattle were killed.

On this front there has been an exceptional snowfall, followed by great cold.—Reuter.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following official statement was issued last night:—

It appears from further communications that the recent fighting on the Tigris took place twenty-three miles below Kut-el-Amara, and not, as previously stated here, seven miles from Kut.

The mistake arose through a misunderstanding at the India Office of reference in the telegram to the Essinn position, which was known to have been strongly entrenched. There is nothing further to report.

## MR. BALFOUR AND THOSE 17-INCH GUNS.

First Lord on Preparedness of the British Navy.

An important statement regarding Germany's reported big naval guns was made by Mr. Balfour.

Replying to Mr. Wing, the First Lord said that what Germany was doing in the way of shipbuilding must necessarily remain a matter of conjecture.

No doubt it had been within her power in the course of the war to initiate, and perhaps complete, the building of large ships with powerful armaments.

He had seen in the Press mention of guns of 17in. calibre. He had no evidence that such existed, but, given time and labour, there was no particular difficulty in making them. Evidently, however, the most diverse conjectures about armament and ships might be made by the ingenious.

Speaking for himself, he was not sure that of these conjectures the one to which he had referred was the most probable.

As regards the preparedness of the British Navy, he could only say that successive Boards of Admiralty had most anxiously considered the mode in which our building resources might best be utilised.

These resources were now used to their utmost and it might be asserted that every dockyard, both here and in the Mediterranean, was now being used to its utmost capacity, either for the new construction or repairs required by ourselves and our Allies.

That being so, it was impossible to add to the magnitude of our preparations.

Nothing had occurred which would justify the Admiralty in thinking that any serious error of judgment had so far been made in connection with the various types of ships under construction. (Cheers.)



# NINE-YEAR-OLD ORGANIST WHO PLAYS AT SERVICES.



Seated at the church organ.



Playing with his sister.

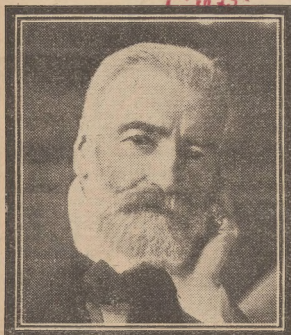
Mr. H. Hunt, F.R.C.O., of Guildford, believes that his son, Leslie Mozart, aged nine, is the youngest organist in the kingdom. The lad, whose improvisations are really wonderful for a child of his age, plays daily at an intercession service, and his father would be interested to know if any one younger officiates in a similar capacity.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR AT COLOGNE HOSPITAL.



A number have not yet recovered from their wounds. The man in the tam o' shanter has allowed his beard to grow.

### CEYLON'S GOVERNOR.



Sir John Anderson, K.C.B., who has just been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon. He has held several important posts.—(Russell.)

### YOUNGEST NURSE.



Veronica Dorien, the fifteen-months-old daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Jasper Farmer as a Red Cross nurse. Her father is Assistant Quartermaster-General to Sir H. Plumer.

### AGED AUTHORESS.



Mrs. Katharine Sarah Macquoid, who celebrated her ninety-second birthday yesterday. She began her literary career in the late fifties.—(Elliott and Fry.)

# Half Price Day at

# DERRY & TOMS

Kensington High St.,

# To-day

# All Remnants

& certain goods in each Dept. are offered at

# Half the Marked Prices



# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1916.

## "WHAT ABOUT US?"

IF one writes about saving in these days it seems necessary to enumerate instances of the ways in which people could "do without." It is no good vaguely exclaiming that we must economise. "How and in what?" comes as a challenge from those who profess that there are no superfluities in their ordinary lives.

So we specify; we indicate certain obvious extravagances. "This year," we say, "let us go without"—something obviously not needed.

There is then a hush, as it were, before the crash comes. But it comes soon—in the form of infuriated letters from those whose bread and butter we are said to be taking away—not to speak of their cake and jam and oysters and champagne—by our entirely selfish suggestions about their livelihood. Give up week-ends? Then what about us, the hotel-people? Motor-cars? Then what about the smart young man (attested) who showed you the last little car for almost nothing? Well, then, let's say cake—or champagne? A great howl from bakers, a great wail from our good Allies, who say the chief market for their wines is now Great Britain.

House-painting, decorations, then?

Surely this at least is a thing that can wait. Surely, again, this employs able-bodied men who should be in the Army, or making shells. No. Here is a flaming letter from a middle-aged house-painter who wants to see us dead rather than himself not painting houses this spring. "How would you like it?" is the argument. In other words, "How would you like it if we were to do without newspapers during the war?" Certainly we should not like it at all!

On the other hand, worm-like though we be, devoid of all decent feeling—mere wretches—gutter-ruffians—base slaves—knaves—nincompoops—Machiavels—dizzards—dullards—it is still just possible—not very probable, but just possible—that if it were represented to us that we could not win the war without cutting ourselves off we might conceivably consent to the operation. Not out of patriotism! No indeed. What have worms to do with any country? Out of prudence, out of common sense, out of a conviction that, under a Prussian-dominated Europe, there would really be small chance of a relatively independent Press, or of anything else but tramp, tramp and kill, kill all day and all the year.

This conviction, if conveyed on irrefragable evidence, might lead us, then, to face war work for a month, or six months, or a year. It might strike us as silly to get up and roar: "Oh, but I say, here, stop! We mustn't win the war if it's going to put us out of a job!"

There are plenty of clear-sighted and patriotic workers in every profession, in every trade, who have gladly sacrificed profits and prospects for the sake of the common good. But there are also in every trade, in every profession, people whose first thought and loudest cry invariably is: "Here! What about us?" W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Fight on, thou brave heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright, the cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, is very sure of victory.—*Carlyle*.

## A NATION THAT LOVES CHILDREN.

### ITALY—THE PARADISE OF THE LITTLE BOY AND GIRL.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

WHATEVER may happen in other countries, no amount of wars need alarm Italy about the perpetuation of her race. Children swarm everywhere: an amazing contrast when you cross the border from "childless" France.

And nowhere else have I seen them held in such esteem.

Whatever an Italian man or woman may be doing, whether discussing high politics or low deasas, finance or frills, the sight of a small toddler instantly breaks off all business. Whether it resembles a cherub or an imp of mischief, is lovely or hideous, merry or morose, there are instant cries of "carino" (the darling!), there is an instant rush upon it with

garden under a hail of shells. When he spoke to them they shyly offered him a nosegay, and he asked them if they would like to be sent off to play with his little girls at home. But they only laughed and said that would not do at all, for if they went away the roses would all die.

Of course, all Italian children are hopelessly spoiled, especially by their fathers, who think that anything they specially like themselves must give pleasure to their offspring. My cook's brother-in-law is very proud of having given his first-born a toothful of wine when it was only four minutes old. A reservist of my acquaintance became very unpopular with his wife because he gave a tumbling (and incidentally a colic) to his two-year-old on its name-day.

### FROM LOBSTERS TO STRING!

But Italian children are amazingly hardy; otherwise not one of them would ever grow up. They are fed with all sorts of indigestible things, from lobsters and stoccafisso (a coarse kind of kipper) to mud and pebbles and string, which they gather for themselves, being allowed to run wild—or, rather, toddle wild—almost as soon as they can use their legs.

## PITFALLS FOR PARENTS—THE REASONING INFANT.



Nobody like a child for discovering the lack of logic in a grown-up, and the lack of real knowledge, also, in a grown-up's view of ordinary things.—(By Mr. W. K. H. B. D. E. N.)

open arms to praise and cuddle and caress. Anybody escorted by a child in train, steamer or other public place is the instant cynosure of all eyes, the victim of endless cross-examination. Even the suspicion of possessing children affords a like provocation. When parents discover themselves on a journey their nursery talk never ceases; they produce photographs from pouches, they bate their breath, their eyes grow dim.

More than half the correspondence to and from the Italian front is devoted to chronicles of the very young. La mamma describes every flap and laugh and naughtiness at home, and babbo (papa) retorts with anecdotes of the small people he has played with in towns he has stormed. Instead of waiting to cut off their little hands or spit them with a bayonet, he takes them on his knees and finds them sweets or pennies and kisses them and talks to them of his own bairns away in the land of sun and song.

One good fellow relates how he found three tiny maidens gathering flowers in a deserted

No sort of authority is ever exercised over them.

You may hear a parent cry "Come here!" or "Do do that!" or "For goodness' sake, keep quiet!" but the young rebels never take the faintest notice. They are never smacked, and they know perfectly well that they have only to cry in order to obtain anything they want immediately.

They are very precocious, like other wild animals, and cultivate Machiavellian gifts of mischief at an early age. Beware of them when they remain quiet for an instant. Two very wild boys came to visit a certain consul the other day. They had been looking forward to this visit for a long time, and had been reduced to a comparative goodness for days by their mother's threats not to take them. When they arrived they were horribly disappointed. "Why," they exclaimed, in disgust, "this isn't a monkey!" The only consul they had heard of was a performing ape.

However, they soon had their revenge. They sat like saints and fondled the fox terrier.

## LOOKING AHEAD.

### WHAT FUTURE IS THERE FOR BRITISH ART AND EDUCATION?

#### PATRIOTISM AND ART.

"W. M." is always interesting. But when he implies that patriotism in art—or, as I prefer to call it, nationality in art—necessarily means the sieges allée, I think he has got hold of the wrong end of the stick.

Brag is not patriotism.

As an instance of nationality in art I would give the work of Shakespeare, Goethe, Whitman, Beethoven, Debussy, the Russian opera and ballet recently in London, much of Elgar and Vaughan Williams, some of Stanford and Parry, Grieg, and many others.

"W. M." says quite truly that all the nations of the world came to drink at the fountain of German art. If they had drunk at their own fountains instead, one reason at least for the German brag which has brought about the war would have been absent. The greatest artists,

poets, painters and musicians have always been national—not cosmopolitan. Our National Gallery is divided into schools according to very strongly-marked national characteristics.

In the "Musical Times" for January Debussy advises all French musicians to seek inspiration from French folklore and traditional music. The Russians deliberately founded their opera and ballet on their own folk-songs. MARTIN SHAW.

#### GRAMMAR, PLEASE!

MAY I be allowed to endorse what "Britisher" says?

I was for some time connected with a school for foreign boys in French Switzerland. English boys acquired the language quite as easily as others, and those coming from schools in England had usually been well grounded in grammar and soon wrote the language correctly and acquired fluency of speech.

Among the English residents in the town were several who spoke French with ease and accuracy and very little trace of English accent, although there were always to be found Britishers who would rather be shot than try and say two words of any language but their own.

One is surprised that "Britisher" should perpetrate such a howler as "whom (sic) the natives thought were French." Would he say, "the natives thought them were French?"

VAUDOIS.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 28.—In warm and sheltered districts the poppy anemones (anemone coronaria) do very well when planted in the autumn, and they certainly flower better when put in the ground early.

But in exposed places February is the best month for planting these beautiful flowers, since when the young foliage rises the time of severe frosts will be over. The work should be done when the soil is in a dry condition. Grown in masses, they look lovely, and the many-hued blossoms are grand for cutting. E. F. T.

#### WIND ON THE LYRE.

That was the chirp of Ariel  
You heard, as overhead it flew,  
The farther going more to dwell,  
And wing our green to wed our blue;  
But whether note of joy or knell,  
Not his own Father-singer knew.  
Nor yet can any mortal tell,  
Save only how it shivers through:  
The broad of us a soundless hell,  
The blood of us a lighted dew.  
—GEORGE MEREDITH.



## QUESTIONING A GERMAN DESERTER.



This prisoner deserted from the German lines and reached the French trenches. He is here seen being asked for information at the General Headquarters.—(French War Office photograph.)

## TORPEDO BLOWS UP A WRECK.



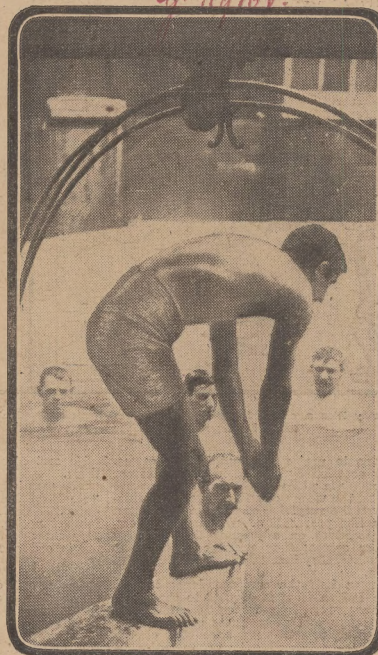
Wreck being blown up by a torpedo fired from a British warship in the Persian Gulf. The track of the torpedo on the water can be seen distinctly.

## NURSE TO WED GUARDSMAN.



Miss Constance Guant and Mr. Walter Gordon Bulteel (Coldstream Guards), whose engagement is announced. The bride-elect is now nursing at the Weir Hospital, Balham.—(Swaine.)

## AS THE ROMAN WARRIORS DID.



Centuries ago the Romans, returning from battle, bathed in the healing springs at Bath. To-day the Anzacs, whose glory is no less, are also recuperating at the famous British spa. They are seen in the historic Roman bath.

## GENERAL GORDON



Wreath placed by the Ragged School Union at the foot of the Gordon statue yesterday, the thirty-first anniversary of the great soldier's death.

## D.C.M. FOR INTERPRETER.



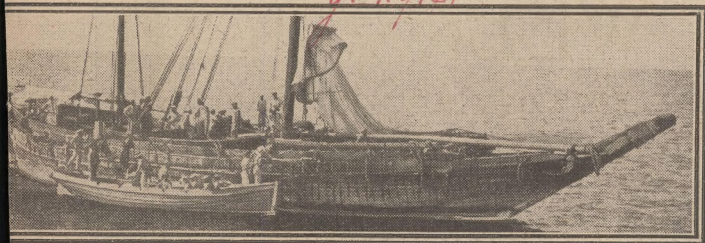
Mahomet Bin Salim, awarded the D.C.M. for his good work in Mesopotamia. He is the senior naval officers' interpreter.



# ONE OF THE NAVY'S TASKS: ROUNDING-UP GUN-RUNNING DHOWS.



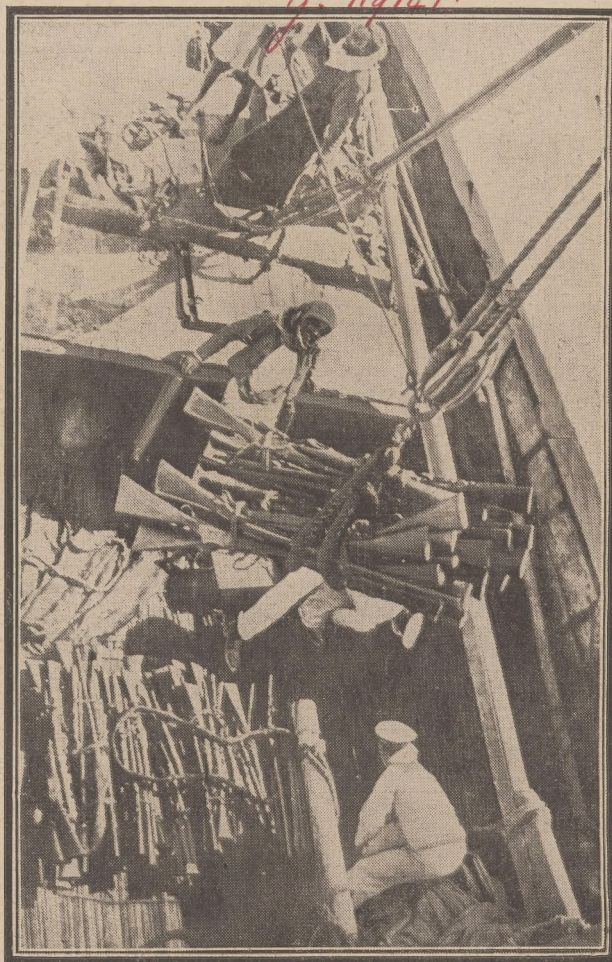
A dhow under construction. It was destroyed, as the builders were gun-runners.



Cutter from British warship boarding a dhow. Rifles were found under a cargo of wood.



Captured dhow on fire and sinking after a British warship had taken off the rifles.

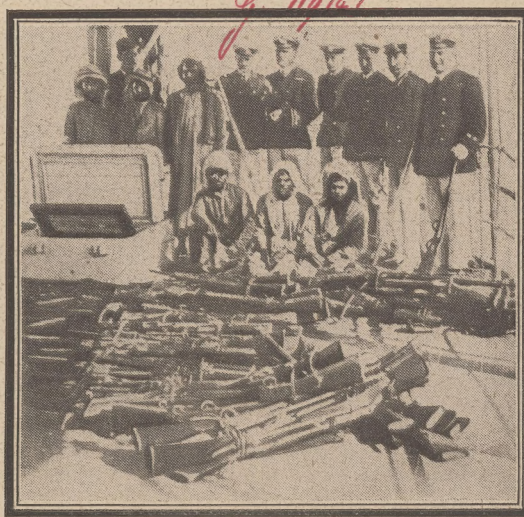


Rifles being hoisted from a captured dhow on to a British warship.

## AUSTRALIA'S DAY.



...ating an Anzac with mimosa, in celebra-  
of Australia's Foundation Day. Mimosa is  
w the floral emblem of the Commonwealth.



Rifles and crew of captured dhow on board a warship.

For many years the British Navy has seen active service in fighting the gun-runners in the Persian Gulf. Before the war it was a very lucrative trade, and now is probably more lucrative still. A rifle, it is said, will fetch its weight in silver from the tribesmen who purchase the weapons. These photographs were taken recently, and illustrate the rounding up of the last remaining dhows.

## BLOTTED OUT THE GERMAN.



Mr. Ernie Lotings, the comedian, attired as a bill-poster, arrives at Charing Cross Station. No one realised that he was not what he seemed until he mounted a ladder and pasted the words "Rule Britannia" over the German lettering.



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A SUMMER NIGHT (Goring Thomas) 12 inch, 6/6  
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## LOOK OUT FOR OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL ON MONDAY

## LILIAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY M. AYRES

## "IT'S AN ILL WIND—"

MRS. RUTHERFORD took Jean and Lilian to her flat. "I don't know how we're all going to squeeze in," she said; "but I dare say we shall manage it somehow. I only hope we shan't find it damp. It's been shut up for a fortnight, you know, and the maids are both away."

She was a very helpless kind of person. She stood in the small hall of the flat when they reached it with despairing eyes.

"Not a fire! Nothing comfortable!" she complained.

"We can soon light a fire," said Jean bluntly. She turned up the skirt of her ruined frock and set to work. She lit a fire in Pansy's deserted pink and gold drawing-room and made hot coffee; she made up a bed for Jummy on the sofa and tucked him round with a bearskin rug.

Jummy was very tired now and sleepy; he nodded over his hot milk and fell asleep in two minutes with the shaggy bear still tightly clutched in his arms.

Lilian sat close beside him. "I don't feel as if I could ever bear to let him out of my sight again," she said. She touched his ruffled hair with her white hand. "If anything had happened to him—" She broke off with a little shudder; she looked up at Jean. "Well, what do you think of Robin now?" she submitted whimsically.

Jean flushed. She was looking white and fagged out. Ever since that moment when she saw them carried off, she had felt numb and incapable of feeling.

"I hope he isn't much hurt," was all she could force herself to say.

"They assured me he wasn't," Lilian told her anxiously. "Of course, I shall go round and see how he is first thing in the morning. Fancy two invalids now for us to dance attendance on."

"Two?" Jean echoed. "Oh, of course," she added rather confusedly. She had quite forgotten Gavin. She knelt down by the fire and held her hands to its warmth.

Somewhat she no longer felt undecided and afraid of the future. When she stood there in the crowd last night after Robin left her, she had made up her mind once and for all—there was no indecision left in her heart. It was Robin—Robin for all time.

"Gavin will be frightfully anxious if he has heard anything of our adventures," Lilian said again deprecatingly. She still looked at Jean. "You must go and see him directly after breakfast."

"Yes," said Jean. "I shall go as soon as I possibly can."

She glanced down at her frock. "Whatever shall we do for clothes?" she asked.

"Everything can't have been destroyed," Pansy said, with a touch of impatience. She had just caught sight of her dishevelled reflection in the mirror. She got up hastily and went out of the room to make some sort of a toilet.

Lilian left her seat beside Jummy and came over to where Jean was kneeling.

"What are you going to do, Country Mouse?" she asked gently.

She put a hand on the girl's shoulder. Jean raised a startled face; she knew perfectly well that both Lilian and Pansy must have seen the kiss between Robin and her ago before he went back into the burning house; but somehow now it did not embarrass her in the least.

"I am going to tell Gavin," she said simply. She knew to what Lilian alluded.

"Poor Gavin! But I suppose it's the best way," She stood looking down into the fire. "Jean, may I ask you something?"

"Yes."

"Did you—did you ever—really care for him?"

There was a little pause; Jean knit her brows as if she were trying to answer quite fairly and truthfully. Then—

"Just at first—I thought I did—I thought I cared most awfully," she said slowly. "But afterwards—"

"I see," she moved her hand away. "Jean, you'll be as—as kind as you can?"

"Yes." Somehow they could not look at one another. The memory of that night when Gavin was hurt came to them both; the moment when they stood together beside his bed in the silent ward.

Jean tried to look ahead into the future. . . . It would be simply ideal, she thought, if Gavin and Lilian could ever be drawn up into the threads of that old romance where they had been snapped.

Pansy came back just then, and nothing more was said. Pansy had effected a marvellous change in a short time; she looked once more the pretty, frivolous butterfly Jean had always thought her to be.

"Where have they taken Mr. O'Neill?" she asked without preamble.

It was Lilian who answered.

"He insisted on going back to his rooms. He promised me to have a doctor—poor, dear Robin!"

Jean's lip quivered. It seemed all wrong that she should be here, if it were in fact, and wanted her; and yet, . . . she could not forget his own words to her, that until she was free of her own wish and will there could be no more talk of love between them.

She looked impatiently at a clock on the shelf, but it had stopped; she longed for morning to come; the night seemed endless—when she was dozing in an armchair by the fire when a thin grey streak of dawn broke through the blinds.



Jean Millard.

Jean rose and stretched her arms; she felt tired, and her very bones seemed to ache.

She wondered how soon she could go and see Gavin—how soon she could free herself of everything that kept her apart from Robin.

She tried not to think what the interview would mean—she tried to only look ahead into the future when she would be Robin's wife—when all these weeks of unhappiness and uncertainty were done with and forgotten.

If Robin went back to India, she would go with him; they would never be parted again as long as they both lived.

In her eager anticipation, she had no thought to give to Gavin—with the optimism of youth she believed that she had only to tell him the truth for him to instantly release her.

It was barely eleven o'clock when she reached the hospital; some of Lilian's servants had taken possession of Pansy's flat and had already shaken it into something approaching comfort; a telephone message to a West End draper's had brought up an immediate selection of clothes. Jean took the first things that fitted her; she left Lilian and Pansy in the throes of "trying on"; she herself did not care very much how she looked—for the present at least.

Lilian had phoned to know how Robin was; he had answered her himself cheerfully enough that he was "bandaged up to the eyes, but quite unnecessarily."

"Which means that he is badly burnt," Pansy said, bluntly.

Jean winced.

"Oh, do you think it does?" she faltered.

Pansy shrugged her shoulders.

"If you are not satisfied, I should go and see for myself," she said, rather curtly.

She was feeling very sore with Jean; she could not forget that exchange of kisses she had witnessed last night; it had roused a vague feeling of dissatisfied jealousy in her heart.

Jean had so much already in her favour—youth, good looks, and a man with money . . . it seemed hard that Robin was not to be allowed to go free.

"That girl's a born flirt," she said, with a little vicious snap of her white teeth when Jean had gone. "Which of them does she really care for, Lilian?"

"Robin," said Mrs. Fisher, promptly.

## THE BREAK.

GAVIN was sitting over the fire in a big armchair when Jean went into the ward.

He was well enough to be occasionally bad tempered; only that morning he had had a passage of arms with his nurse because he insisted that he was well enough to dress and go.

"You won't be well enough for at least another week," he was told, calmly.

"It's perfectly absurd!" he had insisted.

"I'm going to be married as soon as I can leave this confounded place." He caught a little smile in the nurse's eye and laughed. "Oh, well, I suppose I must submit," he added laconically.

After that, in fact, he had been having quite a good time since he had begun to recover; he was sufficiently handsome for most people to be interested in him, and Lilian and Jean had both seen to it that he was surrounded with everything the heart of the most exacting man could desire.

There were any amount of flowers in the room, and a dish of wonderful hothouse grapes which Lilian had sent down only that morning.

But Gavin was tired of being an invalid; the first excitement had worn off. He wanted to be out again and doing; he was full of his coming marriage and the wonderful preparations he intended to make for Jean's happiness.

He was thinking of her when she walked into the room. He started up eagerly.

"Dearest . . ."

At the sound of his voice Jean's nervousness returned; she backed a step from him.

"Wait a minute. Have you heard—has anybody told you?"

"Told me? Told me what? Is anything the matter?"

Jean laughed; she was thankful that for the moment she could postpone the real object of her early visit.

"We've been burnt down," she said. "The house . . . We don't know how it happened yet, but it was awful. I was asleep and never heard a thing till . . . till someone came and hammered at my door. It was a dreadful fire. Poor Lilian—she's nearly all her lovely things gone; and Jummy—"

Dawson was not interested in Jummy; he caught her hands in an eager grasp.

"You are not hurt, Jean?"

"Do I look as if I am? Are you laughing at my clothes? We had to take the first things we could get; all my things are gone."

"We will buy some more—we have a long day at the shops as soon as they will let me out of this confounded place." He bent to kiss her, but she drew back.

"He drew her towards the others?" she rushed on anyhow. "Jummy went back for the bear—the bear we gave him at Christmas—and he would have been killed, only Robin—"

"You mean O'Neill?" His voice was faintly disagreeable; his handsome eyes were jealousous. Jean's heart sank. How was she ever going to tell him the thing she had come to tell him?

He drew her towards the fire; he put her into the big chair he had left, and drew another beside her.

"You don't know how glad I am to see you. Yesterday seemed endless—that confounded kind of party keeping you away from me."

"It was a very nice party; I enjoyed it," said Jean.

She was talking for the sake of talking; she could not look at him. Gavin kept her hand in his—ever and then he raised it to his lips and kissed it; presently—

"You're not wearing your ring," he said, sharply.

Jean glanced down at her finger; she remembered that she had left it in Pansy's room at the flat; she caught her breath.

"No—Gavin!" She broke off again.

"Yes."

"Gavin . . . I . . . oh, I want to tell you something."

"Tell me anything—except that you don't love me any more."

She gave a little hurt cry.

"Oh, but that is just it . . . that is just it . . ."

There was a tragic silence. Dawson had not moved; he sat looking straight before him with eyes grown suddenly expressionless; after a long moment he tried to laugh.

"Don't be unkind, Jean—I—it isn't a joke to me to hear you say—say things like that." She rose to her feet desperately.

"But it isn't a joke . . . it isn't . . . it isn't. I—oh, I don't know how to explain it to you; but—But Gavin, I can't marry you."

It was said now, and she was afraid to look at him; she stood with her eyes fixed on a big bowl on the table. Lilian had sent him, her heart racing in her throat.

The silence lasted so long—so long. Twice she tried to speak but could not find her voice; then—

"Gavin!" she said again pleadingly.

She was looking at him now; at his white stunned face, and suddenly she caught his hand.

"Oh, don't look like that, please! please! I'm not worth it! I was never good enough for you. You loved me too well—always."

For the moment she had forgotten that foggy night at Euston and the heartless way he had treated her then and subsequently; she was only anxious to spare him pain—to do all she could to soften the blow.

He pushed her away almost roughly. He leaned forward, his face hidden in his hands.

"Who is it?" he asked, hoarsely. "O'Neill?"

"Yes," she whispered faintly.

"Dawson laughed—a little savage laugh."

"I knew it! I've guessed it all along; the mean, white-livered—"

"Gavin!"

"I hate the fellow—I've always hated him! From the very first he made up his mind that I should not marry you." He swung round, his eyes blazing.

"I can't give you up, Jean. I means everything to me. I've thought of nothing but you ever since I've been in this infernal place—I've been counting the days till I should have you to myself. I—I'd give my life to hear you say just once again—as you did down at Osterway—that you love me!"

"You've never been the same since then. I've tried not to believe it—but I know you never have. In what way am I different? I've done my best to make you care for me. I've given you every penny I possess if you wanted it."

Jean—for pity's sake, say it's not true. You're just trying me—that's what it is. You can't care for O'Neill—he's been such a brute to you, hardly ever civil—you can't care for him."

Jean looked up at his white passionate face, and the hard, angry things that had been rising in her heart died away.

"I care for him so much that if he hadn't got a friend in the world or a penny of his own I'd marry him, and think myself the happiest woman who ever lived."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

## WAR-WORRY-HEADACHE.

Worrying about the war, bad news, overwork, uncertainty about the future—all tend to bring on headaches. But one tiny Zox powder, placed on the tongue and washed down with water, or dissolved in a cup of tea, gets rid of Headache or Neuralgia in a few minutes. It is really wonderful how quickly Zox cures, and it's just the thing when you feel an attack coming on.

Two powders escape much needless pain by taking an occasional Zox. Safe for all at any time. Of Chemists, Stores, etc., in Is. and 2s. 6d. boxes, or post free from the Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. An exact addressed envelope. Two powders FREE for stamped addressed envelope. (Adv.)



## A Chair for Work and for Restful Ease

Adjustable to 3 positions.

Only 27/6

Carriage paid anywhere in England.

This handsome Chair is beautifully upholstered in soft Corduroy Velvet (in Art Shades of Red, Blue, Green, Grey and Buff), and is thoroughly well-made with comfortable spring seat, loose cushion back, and strong frame of solid oak (dark or fumed), very durable in wear.

Size over arms . . . 22½ in. Height at edge of seat 16 " Depth of seat . . . 22 " " "

Adjustment is simplicity itself—just a light rod to move, that's all.

Just the Chair in which a tired person can relax and take things easy after the rush and strain of a busy day.

There are many such bargains in our ART CATALOGUE Sent Post Free on request by

WOLFE &amp; HOLLANDER, Ltd.,

252-256, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

(Oxford Street end), LONDON, W.

TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A SPECIALIST.

If you are troubled with Backache, Rheumatism, Swollen or Stiff Joints, or have darting pains through body or limbs, there is a danger of poison in your system that should be eliminated at once.

To do this go to any good Chemist and get an ounce or two of carmarole compound and take 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals. A half-glass of hot water should also be taken each morning before breakfast to wash out the Stomach and Kidneys and keep them clean.

Carmarole compound separates the poisonous Uric Acid from the Blood, and the hot water will wash out and expel it from the system. Even the most stubbornest of water three times a day after meals. Backache will leave you, swellings go down, and stiffened joints will move with freedom and without pain.

The Tonic action of the above treatment will appeal strongly to all who have been run down by Long Illness, as well as those who are first experiencing the horrors of Rheumatism. (Adv.)

## PAINFUL ECZEMA ON BACK OF HAND

Very Distressing. Caused Disfigurement, Irritation and Itching.

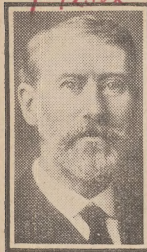
HEALED BY CUTICURA.

"I had been a great sufferer from a very distressing and painful form of eczema on the back of my right hand. The trouble commenced with a red rash which gradually spread all over the hand between the fingers, causing complete disfigurement, great irritation, itching and considerable pain."

"After hearing of Cuticura Soap and Ointment I decided to get them. I continued to use them for about a fortnight, by which time the irritation and pain had ceased and I was healed." (Signed) Joseph Wm. George, 41, Lily St., West Bromwich, Staffs., Eng., July 28, 1915.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST With 32-P. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal.) Address postcard for samples: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.





Sir Francis Edwards, M.P.

since 1892; and, although he has never been a prominent figure in debate, he has done a lot of useful work on Private Bill Committees. As his name suggests, Sir Francis is a Welshman, and, like the majority of Welsh members, is a Liberal. He sits for Radnorshire.

#### Princess Arthur in Town.

I saw Princess Arthur of Connaught in Bond-street the other day. She was not recognised by the passers-by, and was apparently on her way to a picture show. She goes about a good deal in an unobtrusive way, often in taxicabs, and her manner is very quiet and shy. To see her looking animated and happy you have to catch her with her small son Alastair or with Prince Arthur.

#### Princess Marie Louise.

At the Automobile Club the other afternoon I saw Princess Marie Louise, who had a party for tea, and had just left the West Indian Contingent Concert in the Great Gallery. The Princess is, I hear, much interested in the work the Ladies' Committee are doing for the men who have come from the West Indies, and attends most of the meetings and gives some very practical advice.

#### The Reason Why.

"Silence is golden." That is why many M.P.'s earn £400 a year.

#### Last Night's Great Debate.

The enormous interest taken in the blockade debate was reflected in the crowded state of the Commons' public gallery. Packed as it was, it could, I heard, have been filled a hundred times over had accommodation permitted. Seldom even in these stirring times have M.P.'s received so many applications for "strangers' tickets from constituents.

#### The First Arrival.

Perhaps the most interesting figure in the House was Lord Fisher, who sat over the clock in the Peers' gallery. The eagerness of "the Father of the Fleet" to hear the debate will be gathered from the fact that he was the first peer to arrive, the great sailor hurrying into the Chamber almost immediately after the sitting opened.

#### Lord Beresford's Record.

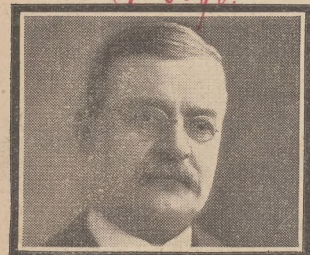
Lord Beresford lost no time in making his reappearance in the Commons. The ex-M.P. for Portsmouth took his seat for the first time in the Lords last evening. A few minutes later he joined the gallery of nobles in the Lower House. This, I think, is a record.

#### The Conclusion To Be Drawn.

"Yes," said the first gentleman, "I went in a Rolls-Royce." "Oh!" remarked his friend, "I went in my own car."

#### Manchester's Next Lord Mayor.

I hear that it is very likely that Sir Daniel McCabe will be invited to be Lord Mayor of Manchester again, consequent on the recent



Sir Daniel McCabe.

sudden death of Alderman Copeland. Sir Daniel has already been Lord Mayor two years, and has done conspicuous good work in recruiting.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

#### Getting Eotter.

The many political friends of Sir Francis Edwards, M.P., will be glad to hear that the hon. member, who underwent an operation in a London nursing home last Saturday, is progressing satisfactorily. Sir Francis has, with one brief break, held a seat in the House

#### The Disappearing Handshake.

Have you noticed that the handshake has practically disappeared since the war, its place being taken by a smart military salute? I was present yesterday at a large gathering of farmers, who had assembled from all over the country to discuss agriculture, and did not see a single pair of friends greet each other in the familiar way. You can notice the same thing, too, between friends greeting each other in the street.

#### Going Grey.

I was in the tap-room of an old country inn lately and noticed one old fellow in the corner. "George," said I, "how goes it?" "Well," he answered, "pretty fair for seventy-eight, but I'm a bit worried about one thing." "What's that?" I inquired. "I'm going grey," he said, removing his hat and pointing to a few white hairs to be seen at the temple in a fine crop of jet-black hair.

#### He Knew.

At a V.A.D. hospital the other day there was a ring at the back door, and a very smart young Scottish officer presented himself, saying he wanted to see the cook. The cook on duty at the moment was a well-known society woman, the officer's fiancée. When the scandalised matron came along and wanted to know why he had not come in at the front entrance, the soldier said, "Well, I understood from my men that one always went round the back way to see the cook."

#### To-night's New Play.

The box office people at the Playhouse are full of joy over the rush for to-night's new production, "Please Help Emily," in which Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Charles Haw-



Miss Gladys Cooper.

they are appearing. But with their joy they mingle woe—at the smallness of their theatre. I was told yesterday that had there been 400 more stalls in the theatre they could have been filled to-night.

#### Sir Edward's Hobby.

Writing the other day of public men's hobbies reminds me that Sir Edward Carson, though an extremely busy man, is able, nevertheless, to find time for a hobby. He is very fond of old brass, and is, in fact, quite an authority on the subject, his collection including several rare samples of workmanship in that metal. I have on many occasions seen him at an antique shop stop to examine the display in the window.

#### Conversational.

"Talk much?" the cynic exclaimed. "Why he's as talkative as six parrots or one peace-at-any-price advocate."

#### Songs in the Trenches.

I learn from a friend at Aldershot of the excellent work Dr. Walford Davies is doing there. He is in league with the War Office to teach the soldiers to "chorus" songs, and goes to Aldershot once a week for the purpose. He takes a band of unaccompanied part-singers with him and makes the men learn the choruses by heart. I hear that the gratitude of the men in the trenches is tremendous. The officers say there's nothing like singing to keep the spirits up.

#### Vanity.

Returning from a children's party, little Herbert said to his mother: "I was the best-dressed boy there, mummy." "You shouldn't say that," his mother said, reprovingly, "unless somebody told you so." "Nobody told me," Herbert answered, "I just had the look round and learnt it myself."

#### A Telling Phrase.

What a splendid and earnest speaker Adeline Duchess of Bedford is! I noticed at the Mansion House meeting that several women were crying when she described her little talks with men wounded and with men on leave. One phrase sticks in my mind as emphatically true: she said the men who had come through the horrors of the Dardanelles seemed to her "touched with eternity." That expresses it so rightly, doesn't it?

#### A New Serial Coming.

On Monday next you will have the opportunity of beginning a new serial by Miss Meta Simmins. Miss Simmins has done some fine stories for *The Daily Mirror*, and this will be one of her best. It deals with a most extraordinary crisis in a girl's life. Miss Simmins has written round a remarkable incident in a very deft and charming way. The story is called "Love Me For Ever," and I know you will agree that it has a most unusual interest.

#### Your 'Bus Will Cost You More.

Omnibus fares are "up." It need not worry you, however, unless you are one of the workers who earn their daily bread by night, the increases being only in force between midnight and 6 a.m. on the two all-night routes—Liverpool-street to Willesden and Liverpool-street to Cricklewood. The minimum fare is now 2d. with corresponding increases all round.

#### The Perfect Spy.

Should anyone doubt accounts of German espionage, let him read the following true story. A little while back a German airman accidentally dropped his map into our lines. The map not only showed each field, but actually the crops growing, such as clover or grass. Espionage to the nth degree of perfection.

#### Poor Nancy.

A child I know was listening to her mother reading about the Huns shelling Nancy when she exclaimed: "Mummy, hasn't Nancy got a father to protect her?"

#### "Delphine Gray."

The Pioneer Players are not "playing" on Sunday next, after all, so Miss Edith Craig called me when I met her in Garrick-street yesterday. It was not Miss Craig, however, who gave me a little information about one of the three plays that the Pioneers will now produce on Sunday, February 6. This is "In Conference," by "Delphine Gray." The author who is masked by this pretty name is really Lady Margaret Sackville, sister of the late Earl De La Warr and also to Lady Mary Griffin.

#### Literary Sisters.

Lady Margaret and Lady Mary have both distinct literary ability. Lady Mary before her marriage to Mr. John McLean Griffin contributed regularly to a ladies' paper. Lady Margaret, the younger sister, is still unmarried. She is a poetess of considerable charm, and has published a number of verses. I fancy, however, that "In Conference" will be her first "stage play." It deals with a rather romantic incident in real life which occurred (so my informant assures me) during the courtship of Mr. Miles Malles-



Lady Margaret Sackville.

son and Lady Constance, his pretty wife, who, as Colette O'Neill, will play the chief part in "Delphine Gray's" comedy.

THE RAMBLER.



## Take Hall's Wine NOW!

IT is not courage, but grave folly, to keep on working 'till you drop,' till it is too late to do anything but put all work aside perhaps for weeks and months of rest.

**'HALL'S WINE has prevented many a serious Breakdown'**

These words, from a doctor, are of vital meaning nowadays to tens of thousands overworked or overwrought.

At the first sign of over-tax of strength, of that wavering nerve, lessening energy, failing vigour and interest, which are such clear signals of danger, take a course of Hall's Wine. Don't delay till things have gone too far—don't be 'too late!'

## Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

**GUARANTEE.**—Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half, you do not feel real benefit, return the half-empty bottle, and we will refund outlay.

Large size 3/6. Of Wine Merchants, &c

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD.,  
BOW, LONDON.



## HOW TO INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH.

**Some Good Advice By a Specialist.**

If you are losing strength, tire easily, lack ambition and confidence to do things and feel discouraged, it does not matter whether the cause is from illness, late hours, drinking, smoking or over-indulgence of any kind, you are in danger of suffering a complete breakdown unless proper treatment is secured at once.

Strength can only be obtained from the food you eat. Therefore, if you are using up your energy each day than you obtain from your food, your case is hopeless until you can reverse the order of things and increase your strength in proportion to the amount you draw upon it.

To get back your old-time strength and energy spend as much time as possible in the open air, breathe deeply and get a little Sargol from Boots or any other good Chemist, and take one tablet with each meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly your strength will return to you. Stomach troubles will vanish, ambition return, and you will feel a keen desire again for both work and pleasure. Sargol has increased strength and nerve power in many cases more than 200 per cent. In fact, a little Sargol with three meals a day will give you more strength and energy than twelve meals would give you without it. Therefore, if you are run-down, are constantly losing strength, are irritable or your nerves are off, get a 3s. box of Sargol to-day. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside.—(Adv.)



Fighting in the Persian Gulf. The photograph shows a British naval section taking a gun into action.

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADOLPHI:** A New Musical Play. **TINA:** To-night, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2. GODFREY FRANK, MYLUS DARE, W. H. BERRY. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645, 8886 Ger.

**AMBAADOR:** "MURDER" by Harry Grattan. Evngs. 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

**APOLLO-OSCAR ASOHE and LILY BRAYTON** in THE SPANISH MAIN. (Last Two Performances.) To-day, at 2.30. To-night, at 8.15.

**Saturday:** Next, at 8. THE TAKING OF THE SHREW. **COMEDY:** Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh (21st to-night). To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **MATS:** Mon., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 2.30. **SERIAL:** OTTY by Albert de Courville and Wal. Pink. **FRED KEMNEY** and strong cast. **SMOKING PERMITTED.**

**CRITERION:** A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. **DAILY:** The George Edwards Production. **BETTY:** To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2. **Winfried Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, G. M. Lowen, Lauri de Vries, Donald Galloway and G. R. HUTLEY.**

**DRURY LANE:** **PUSS IN BOOTS.** Evngs. 7.30. Mats. Mon. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 1.30. George Graves, Will Potts, Florence Smithson. Box-office Tel. 2588 Gerrard.

**DUKE OF YORKS:** ALICE IN WONDERLAND, at 2.15. At 8.15. "The Pictures" and THE PARISH PUMP. **CASSETT:** Evngs. 8.30. Mats. Sat., 2.30. **THE NIGHT:** GEO. GROSSMITH and Gaiety Co. **GARRICK:** Sat. Next, at 8.30. **TIGER'S CUB:** **RASIL GILL and MAJOR TITHELMORE.** **GLOBE:** Daily, 2.30. Evngs. Weds. Fri., Sat., 8.15. **MISS MOYNA MANNING** and Mr. M. J. A. **HAYMARKET:** At 2.30 and 8.15. **WHO IS HE?** **HENRY ARNOLD:** Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. **HIS MAJESTY:** By Herbert Tree's Production. To-day and Every Day, at 2.30. (LAST 3 DAYS). Evngs. Perform. Film "Our Enemies on Eastern Front." "MAVOUREN," by Louis N. Parker. **KINGWAY:** THE STARLIGHT EXPRESS. Daily, 2.30 and Sat. Evngs. 8.15. (Last Performance). **LYRIC:** **DORIC KEANE in ROMANCE.** Evngs. at 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat., 8.30. **OWEN NARLES:** A. E. ANSON. **OPERA SEASIDE:** SHATESBURY THEATRE. To-night, 8.15. THE CRITIC; Friday, 8.15. Performance, THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE; Sat. Mat., 2.15. THE CRITIC. Sat. Evng, 7.30. **CAVALIERA RUSTICA** and **PACIACCI** and First Performance of UNE VOIX. 1st DESHERES and Mr. W. L. **PALLADIUM:** Gigantic Success, CINDERELLA, HARRY WELDON, NORA DELANEY. Over 100 Performers. **MATINEES** only. DADA, 2.15. **PRINCE OF WALES:** 2.30 and 8.15. **STOP THIEF.** Daily, at 2.30 and Mats. Thurs. Sat., 8.15. **PERCY HUTCHISON:** **MARIE ILLINGTON.** **QUEEN'S:** A New Revue. "ONI LA LAI." To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. **ROYALTY:** THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. **DENNIS RADIE:** **WEDS. THURS. and SATS.,** at HALF-PAST FIVE. **ST. JAMES'S:** 2.30 and 8.15. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., A New Comedy, THE BAKER by GEORGE ALEXANDER and GENEVIEVE WARR. **SAVOY:** THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER, by H. A. Vachell. Every Evng and Mats. Mon. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 8.30. **DRAMA:** Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. **THE WORLD AT WAR.** A remarkable collection of War Pictures on Land and Sea. Captured German Film. Our Enemies on Eastern and Western Fronts. (Gerr. 1566). **STANDARD-POPULAR PRICES:** THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Mats. Tues. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2.30. **MR. W.:** Every Evng and at 8.30. curtain falls 10.45. **MATHEW LANG** at 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat., 8.15. **BRAITHWAITE** as Portia and Mrs. Gregory. **VAUDVILLE:** A New Revue. "SAMPLES." **EVENINGS** at 8.30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. **WYNDHAM'S:** At 8.15. **THE WARE CASE.** Gerald du Maurier and Mabel Lehr. Mats. Weds. Sat., 8.15.

**ALHAMBRA:** Varieties, 8.15. Alfred Lester and Co. in "Simpson's Store." Frank Van Hoven; Revue, "NOW'S THE TIME!" at 9.40. **ADELPHI:** GENEE, J. P. McARDLE. Philo. Monks and Mr. P. J. McARDLE. **COWEN** will conduct his ballet, "Spring." Doors, 8. **MATINEE:** Weds. and Thurs. at 2.30. **HIPPODROME:** London—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. **REVUE:** **JOYLAND:** **HURLEY KELLLOGG.** **HARRY TATE:** **THE HAZARD.** **HIPPODROME:** **WALLIS.** **GEO. CARVEY:** Edna Morgan, and Super-Beauty Chorus. **LALACE:** "BUTTERFLY." **THE HAZARD.** **MILLAR:** ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, GWENDOLINE BROGDEN, NELSON KEVIN, TEDDIE GERARD, A. SIMON. **THIRD:** GINA FLORENCE. Varieties, at 8. **MATS. WED. and SAT. at 2.**

**PALLADIUM:** 4.10 and 9.0. **BRANSBY WILLIAMS:** G. H. CHURCHWIN, ALBERT WHELAN, MALCOLM SCOTT, ELLA SHIELDS, MAUD SCOTT, JOE ELVIN AND CO., **MOORE DUPREZ, MONTMARTRE OTTE, HARMONY FOUR,** etc.

**MASKED MEN'S COMPETITION** for the Christmas Holidays, St. George's Hall, at 5 and 8.—The merriest entertainment in London. 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. Phone 1245 Mayfair.

## PERSONAL.

**HEIR:** Mother ill; do come home; all forgiven. **ANXIOUS:** lonely, longing; every thought with you—Musk Jill. **HAVE:** permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st, W.

\* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s. and 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Personal column eight words 6s. 8d. and 10d. per word after; non-trade advertisements at 10d. per word. Send Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-25, Abchurch-lane, London.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

**A:** Trouseuse—24 Nightdresses; chemises; petticoats; etc., 25s. easy payments.—Wood, 21, Queen-st, Leeds. **B:** Argentan France; Bathing; Laces, 1s. each; restriction; handkerchiefs included free.—Neale, Manchester-chambers, Nottingham. **C:** Dressing Gown, full size, 1s. 1d. each; 1st free; combings purchased.—J. Biddle, 41, Museum-st, London.

## Articles for Disposal.

**A:** CUTLERY: Service, 50 pieces, 30s.; All silver-plated spoons and forks; finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding gifts; everything required; perfectly new; approved with singly.—Mrs. Rowles, 26, Second-avenue, Manor Park, Essex. **CHINA:**—100 pieces, white, 25s., consisting of a Dinner set for 12, a Tea and Breakfast Set for 12; 25s. high jug, Tazoo and 3 jugs, all to match; thin, dainty, beautifully finished; guaranteed delivered perfect; 25s. the lot; write for Catalogue, full of other bargains; free—Vincent Pottery, 20, White Works, Burnham. **INLaid** Lino at wholesale price.—Special quantity of a manufacturer's beautiful self-colour, jasper and granite effect; 2s. 6d. 4d.; samples and book of colours (floor, parquetry, tile and carpet effects), 2s. 6d. 4d., free on request to Dick Ward's Stores, Ltd. (Specialists in Floor Coverings), largest carpet funder, 100, Tottenham, North London. Delivery free 21 and over.

## CONTRABAND BY POST.

Rubber Sent to Germany in Packets Marked "Samples Without Value."

The Foreign Office issued a statement yesterday regarding the goods found in enemy postal mail bags taken from the steamships Frisia, Tubantia and Rijndam, which were searched recently in British territorial waters. In the Frisia (outward bound) sacks of goods were discovered. These included four sacks of jewellery, 277 packets of violin strings and 283 packets of drugs. A large number of packets were labelled "Samples of no value," whilst other packets, containing oleographs, etc., were labelled "Printed matter." In the Tubantia (inward bound) were found four sacks of rubber, in small packets, all marked as "Samples without value," and addressed to Hamburg from Brazil. The examination of the enemy mails, ex Rijndam is not yet completed, but they contain about 60 per cent. newspapers, 30 per cent. propaganda and 10 per cent. goods, all of enemy origin, and addressed in most cases to firms with German names in America. The Foreign Office statement adds:— "The above particulars show the extent to which postal mails are being used by the enemy as a means of conveyance of goods in the attempt to evade the measures in restriction of trade taken by his Majesty's Government. By no possible stretch of imagination can it be contended that in a majority of the foregoing cases the articles seized are postal correspondence or samples to which alone can be applied such immunity as postal mails enjoy."

## NEWS ITEMS.

## Viscount French Visits Newcastle.

Viscount French visited Newcastle yesterday, where he was recognised and warmly cheered.

## Write to "Daily Mirror."

Will No. 352 Private Wiltcher, 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, communicate with The Daily Mirror?

## News of Soldier Wanted.

Mrs. Reeves, 43, Eynham-road, Wood-lane, Shepherd's Bush, W., asks for news of Private E. Tiede (2148), A Co., 9th East Surrey Regiment, reported missing on September 28 last.

## Mr. George Grossmith's Visit.

In our issue of Tuesday last the name of Mr. George Grossmith, one of the members of the actors "flitting" party to the Continent in inadvertently given as Mr. Weedon Grossmith.

## Increased Whisky Prices.

The proprietary whisky owners yesterday decided that owing to the increasing cost of production the distillers had no option but to increase the minimum price by 3d. per bottle as from to-day.

## DUTCH QUEEN ILL WITH MUMPS.

THE HAGUE, Jan. 26.—The Queen to-day paid another visit to the flooded regions, but was compelled to interrupt the trip owing to slight illness. Her Majesty is suffering from mumps.—Reuter.

## BOXING AT THE FRONT.

Behind the firing line in France recently the finale of the Division boxing tournament was decided. Terry Delaney, a private in the 23rd Fusiliers, had no difficulty in beating Private Brown (17th Fusiliers) in the light-weight, but it was only on points after six rounds in the middle-weight. Colley (24th Fusiliers) found Corporal Albany, the well-known sculler, who is in the 23rd Fusiliers, a hard customer at the beginning of the heavy-weight final, but he dealt out sufficient punishment to compel Albany to retire after six rounds. Colley was sitting away at least 24, in weight. Driver Culverhouse (R.F.A.) received a walk-over in the middle-weight. Silver cups were given to winners. Officers attached to the division held the posts of judges, referee and M.C.

## TO-DAY'S CONTESTS.

There are several interesting boxing contests to-day, the most important being Jimmy Wilde's twenty-rounds match with Jimmy Morton at the Liverpool Stadium. At the Ring continue there are two fifteen rounds contests, between Sergeant Tom Mack (E. Surrey) and Francis Gillett (France) and Leonard Colley (Lancashire) and Joe Conn (stepney). In the evening, at West London Stadium, Dan Cordery meets Ernie Thomas in a ten rounds match.

Yesterday's scores in the billiards tournament were: Newman, 4,260; Aiken, 5,427. Alex. McMahon, of the Celtic F.C., one of Scotland's greatest Association players, died in the Glasgow Infirmary yesterday.

# Harmless Healthy Fun

## Full of Joys for Girls & Boys

This great Coloured Picture and Story Paper for young people combines humour with refinement. Every one of the dozens of pictures contains many hearty laughs. It is

## Printed in Beautiful Colours

and contains well-written stories, both exciting and amusing; tricks; games; puzzles; toy models; and simple prize competitions. Get a copy to-day—it will keep the youngsters quiet for hours.

# PUCK

Every Thursday  
1D.





Powerful Article by C. B. Stanton, M.P., in "Sunday Pictorial."

LOOK Out for Fine New  
Serial by Ruby M. Ayres  
in the "Sunday Pictorial."

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

"THE Love of Robert Den-  
nison": Grand New  
Serial in "Sunday Pictorial."

## A PRETTY HAT FOR THE SPRING



Close-fitting hat of cerise-coloured straw trimmed with silk roses and a bow of the same shade as the flowers.

## THE MEN IN POSSESSION.



British soldiers road-making in Greece.—(Crown copyright.)

## PRINCE AND CORPORAL IN THE NEWS.



Corporal A. G. Dillingham, of Hampstead, awarded the D.C.M. for saving a supply section under heavy fire.



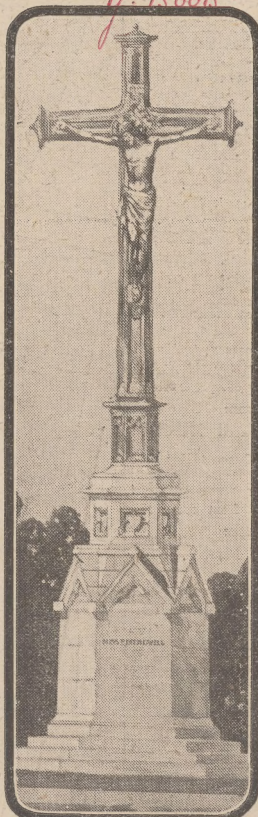
Prince Wilhelm, the King of Sweden's son, commanding the torpedo-boat which saved a British steamer from capture.

## LABOUR MAKES A PLEDGE TO WORK FOR VICTORY.



The most momentous conference in the history of labour, which opened at Bristol yesterday, decided "to assist the Government as far as possible in the successful prosecution of the war."

## A CAVELL MEMORIAL.



Design of the monument to be erected in Paris by American subscription.

## THE KING GRATIFIES MOTHER'S WISH.



Mrs. Thuey.



Corporal Thuey.



Mrs. Fiford.

Mrs. Thuey, of Forest Gate, who was dying, cried for a glimpse of her son, who is at the front. But the military authorities could not spare him, so his sister, Mrs. Fiford, wrote to the King. She received a gracious reply from his Majesty, and a few hours afterwards the gallant corporal was at his mother's bedside.

## SIR SAM HUGHES INSPECTS A CAMP.



General Sir Sam Hughes, the Canadian Minister who has done so much for recruiting, inspecting artillery horses at a camp at Toronto. There were some magnificent animals among them.